





contents

# WINDS OF CHANGE

~~Memoirs of a Mad Prophet~~

Book ONE

March, April 2010



## MY POLITICAL NAÏVETE'

[ I have learned over the years that those who criticize established dogmas are not given a serious hearing; and, therefore, I take some comfort in the recognition that the pain I have experienced over the personal attacks against me has been due to my political naïvete.

Terms ~~such as~~ used by therapists and the army of "mental health technicians" in the behavioral "healthcare" industry, such as projection, repression, acting out, resistance, non-compliance, & neurosis, psychosis, bipolar, alcoholic, schizophrenia, have been used to insult, humiliate, and otherwise degrade patients. None of these terms refer to real, objective entities.

Blaming the victim is the hallmark of psychotherapy. The values essential to psychotherapy deflect a person from deep reflection on the sources of human misery. When someone who is diagnosed/stigmatized as "mentally ill" maintains his/her own vision in the face of social disapproval, this courage is viewed by therapists as further proof of mental illness.



[ Toward the end of Book Five of the My Truth Series I had returned to an examination of Hersile Rouy's, "Memoirs of a Madwoman." Here, the very attributes that make Rouy such a valuable witness, the clarity of her style, the eloquence of her writing, the sharpness of her intellect, I were regarded as "pathognomonic", as signs of her illness!

Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson, raises some very disturbing and relevant questions in Against Therapy: "Is it possible that there was nothing unusual or unique about Hersile Rouy's experience, then (mid-1800's) and now? Is it possible that what happened in the middle of the 19th century to Hersile Rouy, the attempts to break her will, to label her as "sick" and in need of treatment, represents the very heart of psychotherapy, its very underpinning?"

16 March 2010 <sup>££</sup> Tuesday

£ ~~Live~~ doG God Evil £

OR

£ Live Dog god evil £



[ (10AM) My "insomniacal session" lasted from around 0100 to 0500 then "the creature" slept a good 5 hours awakening to a beautiful sunlit bliss, feeling blessed and in awe of my good fortune, that my disposition is so spiritually advanced so as to have such great inner wealth amidst the spiritual wasteland of <sup>the</sup> consumerist capitalistic carnival of the "American culture-of-make-believe".

While Toole's character Ignatius Reilly may be presented as comical, ironically some of his sentiments were quite valid, such as the idea that ~~one~~ wearing raggedy old clothes is a sign of the grandeur of one's being, whereas expensive new clothing is a sign of the vacuity of one's soul. <sup>(The awareness of)</sup> This being so may alleviate the tendency toward resentment and thereby serve as a bulwark against the bombardment (advertisers, society in general) of forces filling the masses with a sense of lack so that they might consume products. Nothing need be done. Quite frankly, those who consume so very little represent the true threat to "the American way of life". ]

Upon realizing how much happier I am in this simple old studio apartment with 8 windows than I was in either Barkley Ridge in Federal Way or in the place in Ocean Grove next door to that miserable German woman who hated me for following my



bliss, i.e., for not submitting to wage-slavery, my heart glows with mirth and even "joy". So precious is this secret that I do not feel compelled to "broadcast" such a revelation to the world, although it is rather tempting, however, since the status quo would like me to buy into their wealth-warped values.

(I am tempted to name myself "Ignatius" on my website just to show how much I identify with Toole's character in A Confederacy of Dunces).

I awaken with another great breakthrough that is entirely subjective but with powerful consequences: My nephew's latest accusation, that I am "pathetic", while meant to hurt me, were I to accept this view, brings me closer to "finding myself ridiculous", thereby blessing my presence of mind with a sense of humor which would paradoxically safeguard me against self-hatred and depression!

Thus, my sexual and emotional attraction to unattainable women, namely beautiful Black women or even "Hispanic" women or "Asian" women, may ~~be~~ be more comical than it is tragic - and "sexual jealousy", which can be so ugly and bitter, may be ~~be~~ minimized and possibly even transcended altogether, allowing me to ~~love~~ even love the creature I am -



As I am really in the mood to write, even as I must rush now to be ready for when my mother picks me up, I will carry my notebook and a couple ink pens into Freehold just in case I am unable to track down my ~~shut~~ good friend, Greg Gilroy.

While I am thoroughly enjoying my second reading of Masson's Against Therapy, as it is a library book, I cannot risk losing it in my travels, so I will carry David Liss's novel, A Conspiracy of Paper, in the pocket of my green dress-jacket.

Now I am "under pressure" but very enthusiastic about lunch with Mom on Main Street of my hometown of Freehold!

Upon further consideration, I think I would be more relaxed leaving my diary in my apartment, simply carrying some loose paper should I wish to jot something down.

§§

18 March 2010 Thursday

I never found Gilroy, and I missed the last bus out of Freehold so I ended up wandering lost around Lake Tomsipeneys until I found Gil's fire pit, where, with one single match, I started a healthy fire.



Maybe there is a point where too much introspection, too much psychological insight, too much knowledge will actually threaten the will-to-live, or least challenge it.

If I choose not to publish or even broadcast my next (this current) series of scribbles, it will have everything to do with the experimental nature of these investigations. The so-called Devil is an archetypal representation, an abstraction and metaphor for the shadowy aspect of reality, the hidden aspect unfit for polite society which is so tame, domesticated, restrained, repressed, and basically phony and inauthentic.

As Marlowe wrote, "Religion hides many mischiefs from suspicion. There is no love on earth, pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks."

[ Basically we are encouraged to be phony, to lie, to hide our true feelings. There are truths we may not even acknowledge to ourselves in the privacy of our own hearts! As Coran said, it takes a monster to see things as they really are. So, how does one go about exploring forbidden truths when society only seems to reward the inauthentic? ]  
Here's a forbidden truth - the little librarian is a brown-noser, a goody-two-shoes, and I am a rebel. I actually prefer the youngest librarian more so.



81  
81.00.0105

[ When will I simply admit that I have given up chasing women and have resigned myself to masturbation, alcoholic oblivion, and utter contempt for the values of the status quo? ]

[ Isn't what people term "negativity" simply the stubborn tendency to see things as they really are without sugar-coating? ]

Get a job, sucker? Fuck that. If the people who buy into the workforce insist on feeling superior to those who resist social controls, then I feel compelled to attack the well-adapted suckers without restraint. This is my REVENGE against a world that completely rejects and ignores me.

If I have any guidance or peers at all, they will be very few. Only the truthful I am able to behold the truth!

I want to know what I am. I want to know who I am. I am not a joke. This is where I have so much anger towards my mother's family, for treating her with such disrespect, for treating her like a joke. I'll be damned if I'm going to sit back and be treated like a joke.



A little depression is seeping in... and I embrace my right to be unhappy. I imagine it could be quite liberating to practice radical honesty - and quite revolutionary in a society where the masses lack insight into the human misery behind their aggression.

[ The liberating aspect of acknowledging forbidden truths is that it allows one to just be what is. So many people's livelihoods depend upon their maintaining a public image, a false self that they present to society. Quite simply, most people wear a mask. ]

One of the main reasons I isolate and do not socialize much (or even make attempts to "hook up" with a female partner) is because of my stubborn refusal to be phony, superficial, "cool", civilized, polite, stupid, trifling, etc. Wherever it is I am coming from, I am on an entirely different plane than most individuals in our society. ]

[ How shall I be most direct? ] I want to embrace the monster in me. I want to acknowledge my authentic FEELINGS and resist any and all who would have me "act differently" than what my true nature demands. ]



PI 83

[ The challenge I face is that, while I strive to be authentic, regardless of the pressures to hide the truth I stand in, for the most part, my contemporaries are all bought and sold. In other words, I'm surrounded by liars, imposters, and identity crises.

Why the fuck would I invest any energy at all in a campaign to preach with truth. Those who are conditioned to lie, not only to others, but most of all, to themselves?

Entire professions are a goddamned farce: therapy, 12-step recovery communities, ministers and their congregations, synagogues and their ...

Who among these self-deceiving soul-suckers has the mental capacity to challenge my ruthlessness, piercing, & intellectual integrity?

Not only are my "mysterious scribbles" an actual cure for my depression and suicidal impulses, but I post humbly these rants will offer the studious scholar some insight into another human psycho, one who is determined to smash through the self-censoring mechanisms preventing total liberation from social controls. ]



Am I privileged? Mere survival has become a privilege. (privilege)

19 March 2010 Friday

Some research: Brian Massumi, "mere survival has become a privilege", molarization

"The unconscious is not fundamentally a repository of submerged feelings and images as in the vulgar Freudian model."

"Given the privileges the existing social order accords them [molar men, alpha males], it is unlikely that molar men will embrace this mission of self-excision with immediate enthusiasm. Their suicide may have to be assisted."

[ "Molarization is as paranoid as it is imperious. A new front of domestic conquest widens the war for molarity. Institutional regularization becomes ever-more severe (discipline), and selective evaluation increasingly vigilant (surveillance). Discipline requires rigid segregation of bodies according to category, in order to prevent unseemly mixing and the identity-blurring it may lead to. Surveillance requires a carefully maintained



hierarchy, a pyramid of supervisory and command positions. Molarization is another word for 'fascism'.

Becoming-other is "anarchy". Since it undermines identity, its process can be considered schizophrenic.

There is nothing extraordinary about fascism. It is normality to the extreme.

Oedipus is the process of molarization as such.

Fascism-paranoia, the molar-moral drive of Oedipal desire, works to fashion society into samenesses.

Fascism-paranoia is the condition known as being in the molar-moral "majority."

Anarchy-schizophrenia is a mutational process. Like a virus, it scrambles codes rather than replicating them.

Social breakdowns such as May 1968 in France can be considered becoming-other to the extreme (student/worker uprising).

Diploma = "Get a job, sucker!"

Other becoming-other movements:



from the 1960's - the Situationists in France, the Provos and Kabouters of the Netherlands, the Yippies and their allies in the U.S.

from the 1970's - the Italian autonomists

from the 1980's - the convergence of squatters, associated marginals, and extraparamilitary Greens in Northern Europe, the "radical" wings of feminist and other minority movements.

In our current social-democratic nation-state, those admitted into positions of power must behave/act like "responsible" citizens. They must measure up to Molar Man. Labor, women, Blacks and "sexual deviants" may be admitted into positions of power, but only to the extent that they become, for all practical purposes, capitalist, male, white, and straight - honorary members of the <sup>silent</sup> moral majority.

The "Other" (the outsider) is interiorized by being identified, and all identification is ~~done~~ against the Standard of the European White Male Heterosexual, as the Western embodiment of good/common sense, in politics as in personal conduct. The divide-and-conquer approach of fascism-paranoia is toned down to a paternalistic recognize-and-subdue.



55  
More notes from Brian Massumi's work:

Bodies that collect surplus value and control money as means of investment are capitalists. Bodies with only enough money to use it as a means of payment are workers.

Workers are human bodies that have been converted into commodities for purchase by capitalists. Although it is against the principles of "democracy" for human bodies to be bought outright like objects, they are nevertheless given a numerical value, called a wage.

What is bought is less the bodies than aspects of their life: a quantity of their time (the workday), the physical and intellectual activity they can perform in that time (labor), and the concentration and attitude of cooperation necessary to perform that activity (docility).

Neoconservatism is a new golden age of greed that dares to say its name. Without a wince. Capitalism no longer has to justify itself. It no longer has to hide behind fascist paranoid quasicauses and argue that it serves the common good. It wants to accumulate more than it could ever spend.



"Not only do most bodies NOT have infinite degrees of freedom, alarming and increasing numbers are starving or malnourished. Mere survival is a privilege in the brave new neo-conservative world. Capitalism's endocolonial expansion has made the law of unequal exchange that is written into its axiomatic an inescapable and lethal fact of life. Its outward surge of expansion has nearly exhausted the earth, threatening to destroy the environment on which all life depends."

"Some proletarians have been integrated as corporatist workers, who are both commodities on the 'job market' and consumers (Fordism), while growing numbers have been relegated to a 'permanent underclass' locked out of steady work employment and thus restricted to participating in the economy as consumers — of the inadequate social services still available after the gutting of the welfare state."

"The last limit, between resource depletion and technological 'progress' not only remains but has become absolute — the death of the planet."

CAPITALISM IS THE ETHIC OF GREED.



95  
"The poor are neither those who do not receive surplus value, nor necessarily those who have less money to spend - in one month more money passes through the hands of a small-time drug dealer of ~~the~~ inner city underclass than many a bourgeois makes in a year."

"A body's relative social position is defined more by HOW money flows through it, not how much money flows through it."

It follows that no anticapitalist politics whose goal is to revive class consciousness will succeed. All such strategies can revive is despotic overcoding.

£ Anti-capitalist £ ?

- ~ Brother Mike the Anti-capitalist.
- ~ Brother Anti-Capital
- ~ £ Anti-Capitalist Brother Mike £

£ £

Email from idealichi@yahoo.com requesting an account at my website as "notalig" - I responded by sending him email letting him know I would reactivate his Iwawura account only if he refrains from ~~sex~~ murdering my soul or otherwise slandering me. No funny business!



Isn't "misery" the thinking man's happiness?  
Life is generally a painful experience.  
We are harmed in being born. Perhaps I am  
in a perfect mood for reading Cioran  
as well as about the cultural & history of  
insomnia.

I guess I'll be removing "Monkey the  
Masturbating Monkey-Man" from the site title.  
We'll see. Nobody is participating these  
days. Not even me. It seems to be  
over and done with. I am a very lonely  
man. This has been my reality my venture  
life. I miss my friendship with my  
nephew. Now there is a void.  
And yet, we have grown distant. We are  
on separate paths. I won't be too  
concerned about him anymore as he is  
obviously not at all concerned about me.  
Why did I give him my diaries?  
It was a symbolic gesture.

I wonder if I will ever begin to write about  
the universal rather than the personal.  
I guess I came back to Jersey to die here,  
and now I am just waiting to die.  
My attitude is so negative that people  
may fear "being infected with my misery" if  
they reflect upon things I  
think about, hence my isolation, my  
reclusive existence. Fuck it. Schopenhauer & Cioran are my mentors.



## PEELING OFF THE LAYERS OF FALSE REALITIES

I suppose the hopelessness I experience is the exact reason why I have no real "disciples" or "supporters" since my negative philosophy leads to despair. I have to have the courage to embrace this despair and the confidence to know that this condition is universal.

Cioran was an original exponent of the philosophical essay, and I would like to carry on that genre. And so I drink from the cup Cioran drank from. He also associated with the downtrodden and refused to seek "employment". Even in damn "therapeutic communities" like CPC, I was known as "the philosopher" or "the conspiracy theorist". Even when I was 16 years old working for McDonald's I was called the philosopher.

Like Cioran and Schopenhauer I too have taken upon the task of peeling off the layers of false realities with which society masks the truth. Is it possible to see the world so darkly without giving into despair?

~~It is just~~ My isolation is simply par for the course, a consequence of being a spirit in revolt against the human condition. The consequence of intellectual pride is a hardening of the heart. My intellectual curiosity sustains me.



still 03.20

{ }

[ "A book should open old wounds, even inflict new ones. A book should be a danger."  
~ Cioran ]

"Friendship being incompatible with truth, only the mute dialogue with our enemies is fruitful."  
~ Cioran

[ "One does not write because one has something to say but because one wants to say something." ]

"Existing is plagiarism."

[ "To that friend who tells me he is bored because he cannot work, I answer that boredom is a higher state, and that we defuse it by relating it to the notion of work." ]

[ "To exist is a colossal phenomenon - which has no meaning. This is how I should define the stupefaction in which I live day after day." ]

"To detest someone is to want him to be anything but what he is. T. writes me that I am the man he most loves in the world, but he urges me at the same time to forgo my obsessions to change my ways, to become different,



to break with the man I am. Which is to say that he rejects my being."

"After suffering a serious illness, in certain Asian countries - I in Laos, for example - one traditionally changes one's name. What a vision lies at the origin of such a custom! Actually we should change our name after each important experience."

"One is and remains a slave as long as one is not cured of hoping."

"I do not struggle against the world, I struggle against a greater force, against my nearness of the world."

§ 3

The heavy rain outside is inducing sleepiness in my mind/body, and I am "delighted" to be on the verge of natural unconsciousness, as opposed to the drunken unconsciousness of alcoholic oblivion.

I am nearly finished reading *Drawn & Quartered* and am looking forward to making some changes on my website tomorrow.

To alleviate any remorse I feel over the estrangement between my nephew J and I, I remind myself that it is his choice to cut me off; and, hence, I feel justified in blocking him from participating at iSIS.  
phpbb3now.



Life itself is "the nightmare". Society is a farce. It is, because of a being such as Cioyan that I have the confidence to realize I am living a heroic life. Nothing at all is what it appears to be.

So, I have "gone down the tubes"? I have given up hope, and therefore I am a slave no more. The moment I stood up and refused to take orders from bafoons ~~that~~ I ceased to be a slave.

The reason the citizen-slaves-workers all band together against me is because, by condemning me as a "loser", they protect their own sense of being respectable. Meanwhile, what has happened to me is the result of all the serious thinking I have done. It is, <sup>has</sup> though, by questioning the false realities which society masks the truth, I have become unfit for slavery. Being "likeable", subservient, docile, and obedient are the necessary qualities for a "good citizen/slave/worker". I am actually too intelligent to be of any use to the managers, foremen, administrators, and fellow slaves.

Awakening at 0530 I could ~~not~~ just as easily return to sleep, but I just may put coffee on and delight in "morning meditations". To have lost ambition, to have given up hope, actually adds to the grandeur of my being.



"I shall take the liberty of praying for you." —  
 "Glad to hear it. But who will listen to you?" ~ Ciaran

"He who, having frequented man, retains the slightest illusion about them, should be condemned to reincarnation, in order to learn how to observe, to see, to catch up..."

This next aphorism gives me great insight into my relation to my nephew. All these years I have kept giving him books and wanting him to think my thoughts, but he has his own thoughts to think. Being overwhelmed with the chaos in his own mind, he doesn't owe me anything. With understanding, I can love. I did not create the monster he may become.

I have just served to show him that, even after we have "failed", even after we have lost all our possessions, chased away those who cared for us, gone over the edge, screamed in public about "the Jews robbing us blind", publically confessed our rage and outrage and hatred, we still exist.

The feeling of disappointment, of being a failure, is not "personal". It is the very condition of life itself. The universe is a failure.



"While X is telephoning me from an asylum, I remind myself that I you can do nothing for a brain, that it is impossible to set it in order again, that no one knows how to deal with billions of deteriorated or rebellious cells - in short, that one does not repair Chaos."

~ Cioran

I want to place that quote in the thread about the Manifesto of Joe Stacks, the unemployed engineer/computer scientist who flew a plane into an IRS building in Texas.

Note: Send Mom email with Billy Reynolds' phone number requesting she call him to find out if Kelly has birthed the newborn yet.

"This old philosopher, when he wanted to dispose of someone taxed him with being a 'pessimist.' As if he were saying 'bastard.' For him, a pessimist was anyone averse to utopia. That was how he branded every enemy of claptrap."

I want to start a thread in the anti-fiction forum called "On Friendship" - or search for an already existing thread. I will begin the thread with a quote by Cioran:

"Friendship is a pact, a convention. Two beings



90  
tacitly promise never to broadcast what each really thinks of the other. A kind of alliance based on compromises.

When one of them publically calls attention to the other's defect, the pact is declared null and void, the alliance broken.

No friendship lasts, if one of the partners ceases to play the game. In other words, no friendship tolerates an exaggerated proportion of honesty.

Couldn't this be stated as follows?

[ An honest human being has no friends. Others are uncomfortable in the presence of a sharp intelligence. ]

"You must be cracked, to lament man's extinction instead of chanting 'Good Riddance!'"

[ "Your book is a failure." — "No doubt, but you are forgetting that I wanted it to be one, and that it could hardly be a success otherwise." ]

" 'What is truth?' is a fundamental question. But what is it compared to 'How to endure life?' And even this one pales beside the next: 'How to endure oneself?' — That is the critical question to which no one is in a position to give us an answer."

\* Possibly because of the word "nigger" — at p. 183



[ " "It is of no importance to know who I am since some day I shall no longer be" - that is what I each of us should answer those who bother about our identity and desire at any price to coop us up in a category or a definition. " ]

" All morning, I did nothing but repeat:  
'Man is an abyss, man I is an abyss.' -  
I could not, alas, find anything better. "

§ §

Brain Cells in Rebellion

" This site is a failure. No doubt. It could hardly be a success otherwise. "

I will add this to the description tomorrow.  
The APPL had a copy of Louis-Ferdinand Celine's Journey to the End of the Night (c. 1932).  
I had gotten half-way through it out in Washington. The book was actually being stored down in some basement?

I wonder why. \* Could it be that offensive?

Now I wonder if Miss No Name will be curious enough to inspect Journey to the End of the Night when I return it.

My current lifestyle, collecting SSD and getting rental assistance and not required to look for a job allows me to live the life of a scholar.  
I love to take NAPS.

\* Possibly because of the word "nigger" - as on p. 183  
("The niggers must all have had a hand in the business.")



I'll have to make some notes of some of Céline's remarks. What a character!

"They struck me as all the more divine, those apparitions, because they appeared to be entirely unaware of my presence, my existence, I go I sat there close beside them on my bench, giggling in the fullness of my erotico-mystical admiration, silly with quinine and also, one must I admit, with hunger."

Many of these passages are familiar to me, such as, "Almost every desire a poor man has is a punishable offense."

Some of my own dark humor (besides the fact that my socks are so shot and funky that I'll just be tossing them in the trash come April 2<sup>nd</sup> when I have money): I told Billy Reynolds's dog "Buddy", that upon hearing that he was already trying to stick his little red rocket into Big Mama puppy Isis's cooter - she's 3 times his size already, "Welcome to my world, Buddy" - meaning, well, I can't help but giggle in the fullness of my erotico-mystical admiration at thick Black women who are just "not feeling me at all."

Already here in Astoria Park I am noticing some very, very exotic African mamas... and I just giggle all goo-goo ga-ga la-la la-la.



With rap beats blasting intermittently down in the apartment below, a kind of spell creeps into my bones. We live the story... the soundtrack in the background seeping from the environs. Even rereading *Journey to the End of the Night* (c. 1932) adds some existential ambience to my being. I get off on reading obscure literature. It makes me a connoisseur of sorts.

Images of specific women float around in my heart brain. My routine as a cool cat scholar is very conducive to mental health. There's no need to go out there begging in the streets for change. I can get high off coffee. I actually have some milk (made from dry-milk I got from Trinity Church school this morning). Last young teenage girls were handing out hot dogs, scarfs, and hats. It was just too cool for words. I couldn't help singing a little "Keep away from Runaway Sue."

And how synchronistic that I should hunt down Celine's novel today. My goal is to be infected with his attitude.

"On thinking it over, I decided that the boys on the Infanta Conita I had been right to fall for. I was discovering, by experience, that I hadn't at all had the right sort of tastes for an under dog."

"In Africa I had indeed found a sufficiently frightful kind of loneliness but the isolation of this American ant heap was even more shattering."



I am interacting with this text, so much is worth noting!

"I had always suspected myself of being almost purposeless, of not really having any <sup>serious</sup> reason for existing. Now I was convinced, in the face of the facts themselves, of my personal emptiness."

I really am quite indebted to this Gollum (23? Silent Octavious), for having guided me to not only Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces, but also to Celine.

"My lassitude deepened before a row of these elongated facades, this monotonous surfeit of streets, bricks, and endless windows, and business and more business, this chance of promiscuous and pestilential advertising. A mass of grimy senseless lies."

Now, up to the part where Ferdinand leaves New York City to head for Detroit, and almost delighted with this "natural high" from having enough food, coffee, and literature, I put down Journey to the End of the Night. I want to switch gears, put on some water for tea, and see about getting a clearer understanding of PHP & MySQL. I still can't help but fantasize that a certain librarian might take an interest in my reading activity - or my Internet activity for that matter.



Σ 3

I live shamelessly as a scavenger on the perfumed corpse of civilization. I have such a pure love for bread... and butter. Leisure is the most precious commodity! As long as I have access to basic food, books, ink-pens, notebooks, and frequent ventures into euphoria or oblivion, I can will get by. I am not at all motivated to be a "respectable citizen-slave".

The "partying" down below does not disturb me at all. In fact, although I would enjoy intoxication or pleasurable stonedness, I am once again at the point where I ~~have~~ know enough about other men. I have enough experience at this point in my life to isolate from "congregations".

I have literary interests that I enjoy in solitude. In solitude I enjoy my higher faculties. Sure I am still a social animal, but I know enough about the ways of man to stay clear of packs. Am I a lone wolf, a hermit, a recluse?

Yes, a leader must be able to be alone and must have the courage to go his own way.

And, quite honestly, some forms of "free styling rap" gets on my nerves. I am a unique specimen! I have no peers. Of course I isolate!



My time spent in jails may have taught me a great deal about my ability to transcend my environs by becoming engrossed in studies or literature.

Here's a passage from JTTEoN, p. 223 that reminds me loud and clear why I don't "seek some humble employment":

[ "Your studies won't be any use to you here, my lad. You haven't come here to think, but to go through the motions that you'll be told to make... We're no use for intellectuals in this outfit. What we need is chimpanzees. Let me give you a word of advice: never say a word to me about being intelligent. We will think for you, my friend. Don't forget it." ]

Holy horse crap, the brothers are loud as all Hell in the apartment below. ~~The~~ All damn day music and rappin' - that wasn't so bad... but now there seems to be a confrontation brewing. Who knows? There is yelling and some laughter. It is kind of ridiculous, all the jive talkin', all the talkin' shit, all the "playing the role of hard asses." It is best I stay to myself in this house. Matwan taught me. Federal Way taught me. Now I am more timid, cautious... laying low... invisible? If only I was smoking what the rapping retards below are smoking.



From "Dialogue in Hell" - Fourth Dialogue

"Machiavelli: There are tremendous populations riveted to labor by poverty, as they were ~~be~~ in other times by slavery. What difference, I ask you, do your parliamentary fictions make to their happiness? Your great political movement has after all only ended in the triumph of a minority privileged by chance as the ancient nobility was [privileged] by birth. What difference does it make to the proletariat bent over in its labor, weighted down by the heaviness of its destiny, that some orators have the right to speak, that some journalists have the right to write? You have created rights which will be purely academic for the mass of the people, since it cannot make use of them. These rights, of which the law permits him the ideal enjoyment and necessity refuses him the actual exercise, are for the people only a bitter irony of defeat.

§§

Mom did receive the security deposit returned to me (\$105) and mailed it out this morning. It may get here by Saturday, but I most likely won't be able to cash it until Monday (3/29).

I changed name to "The Mad Prophet of Abraxas"



2010.03.28

97

§ 3

We all, each of us, has our share of problems, eh?  
Not to mention the primary problem, that of Being -  
Modern man, what a creature, depending on  
cans of soup for sustenance. And how grateful the  
Creature is for this hot soup, warm blankets, socks,  
but these sharp aches in my teeth! What kind of a  
blind demonic force brought up from the primordial  
slime such veins, sinews, and nerve-endings?

What kind of philosophical treatise or political manifesto can  
be written while the Creature is under assault, at the  
mercy of its own nerve-endings?

Why bother with manifestos, treatises, or memoirs?

[ "The whole business of your life overwhelms you when  
you live alone. One's stupefied by it.  
To be alone trains one for death." ]

Life itself is the prison. Could it have been Schopenhauer's  
ability to see LIFE ITSELF AS EVIL that helped me  
endure these years? When one allows oneself to  
grasp such truth, there is no more being deceived by  
"married couples" lying to themselves about how  
wonderful love makes the universe. What one being  
can be to another is not a great deal. In the end,  
we are with ourselves. Shalanda knows this, as do I.  
I have come to understand the general unpleasant nature of  
Being alive. Nothing can be done to alleviate the misery.



79  
85.80.0105  
And so it is best to figure these truths out in solitude and not bother oneself with instructing others.  
I haven't eaten much at all today, but I have enough in my system to lay down again before the nausea returns.

Curing myself of hope, there is no doubt in my mind that laying down curled under blankets, prepared for death, is the most pleasant state possible for a living creature.

§§

Puzzled about Life ... I awoken at 11:45 PM, almost midnight, after sleeping for about 6 hours. I make coffee even though I "ought" to just go back to sleep.

### Dream Recall

I am at some kind of table with others, explaining that my "dilemma" is not at all personal but has everything to do with being born a hominid creature in a certain society, an accident of birth. When we get up from the table, I see my mother. She looks much younger, so beautiful. She tells me that my father saw her upon her return from a journey, and that he wept upon seeing her. I hugged and kissed her.

When I woke up, I thought of Céline's Journey to the End of the Night, specifically the part where he discusses how



a "dream"/"goal" of many poor (in Europe 1930's) was to contract a disease so as to be eligible for a steady government income so to be liberated from always listening to a boss/master.

There was also a section where Ferdinand discusses something about forsaking "obedience":

[ " Really the poor get younger inside as they go on, rather than otherwise, and towards the end, as long as they have tried to rid themselves on the way of all the lies, and timidity and unworthy eagerness to obey which they were given at birth, actually they're less unpleasant than when they started. The rest of what exists on earth is not for them! It's no concern of theirs. Their job, their only job, is to overcome that feeling of obedience, to spew it out. If they can manage that, before they're altogether dead, ~~they~~ then they can boast of not having 'lived in vain.' ]

How about the name ~~"Disobedience"~~? Disobedience?

As for a site description for "Stabs at Bewilderment":

~~"It is"~~ "Our task in these forums and in our daily lives is to peel off the layers of false realities with which society masks the truth. Our only job is to overcome the feeling of obedience. ~~One~~



ΣΣ

29 March 2010 Monday

[0230] I may have time to search whywork.org to see if I wrote up anything on Szasz's Pharmacracy. If not, I have some notes written up in H-91 from October 2005. I've been stirring the pot for quite awhile.

\* I have to trust that my nephew and myself, our bond, our "friendship", our relation has strong legs to stand on, and that there is a chance that, after the smoke clears, he will see that I went to great lengths to reach him, was traumatized in the process, and then withdrawn for my own self-preservation.

As a "project", it is pretty much finished. I am free, off the hook, I go to sleep. How long had I been a major presence in Joey's life, besides when he was a young child on Dutch Lane Road back in 1989-1991?

Well, by the time he was 13 or 14 I had become his mathematics instructor (and slipped him Schopenhauer's WORLD AS WILL & REPRESENTATION). I stuck with him for many years, going along with his little lies, always of appreciation of his sensitive soul. I wonder if he forgets how he reached out to me back in November 2008. Clearly, he does not appreciate me. What can I do now but withdraw and return upon myself?



The rain and winds make me appreciate my humble lodgings. I am somewhat amazed that I don't really have much regret over having lost all my stereo equipment, my huge library of books, all my music, my furniture, my personal belongings, and all my computer equipment.

That which is most genuinely "me" cannot be taken from me.

Actually, I won't mind if the rain & wind continues into tomorrow as I do have black Monkey-suit coveralls and a waterproof poncho. I get into "weathering the elemental forces".  
Yes, I am quite the "street soldier".





ΣΣ

"Baryton [his employer] would have been on the whole rather pleased if I had been slightly wanted by the police." That always makes for real deviation.

"I had, of course, long ago given up every kind of self-esteem. Such feelings had always seemed to me much above my position in life, a thousand times too extravagant for my resources. I was perfectly comfortable, having made that sacrifice once and for all."

ΣΣ

I was racing to finish reading Céline's novel by ~~8:30~~ 7:30 PM so as to be able to hang-out in the pouring rain down to the damn library before it closed at 8 PM - so as, of course, to be able to return the classic novel "autobiographical novel" and possibly scan for yet another bit of subversive or defiant material for my excited brain to mull over.

As it turned out I did not finish the book until 8 PM. Too late. Therefore I am called to meditate upon one of the books I discovered left "free for the taking" from the Ashbury Park Public Library, specifically the [1861] classic by unknown Rebecca Harding: Life in the Iron Mills. Without precedent or predecessor, it recorded what no one else recorded; alone



102  
in its epoch and for decades to come, saw  
the significance, the presage, in scorned  
or unseen native materials —  
and wrought them into art.

Written in secret and in isolation by a 32  
year old unmarried woman who lived far  
from literary circles of any kind, it won  
instant fame — to sleep in  
ever deepening neglect in our time.

Before delving into this great discovery, which  
I can't help but suspect was a  
special gift left for me by a patron  
who may know me (or of me)  
somehow. Life is a little magical, still.

Another novel left there, Wild Seed by Octavia E.  
Butler, the recently deceased science fiction  
writer, I have I panned up on the wall.

There is an artistic painting of a beautiful  
Africoidal Queen who is a shape-shifter  
to boot. Yes, it's on a wall ~~like~~ like  
some kind of magnet for the "Dream  
Catcher"? Will it bring Shalonda  
to me? Or, perhaps, there may be  
another Queen lurking in the shadows who  
might be drawn to this aura, this  
"PRESENCE", this manifestation of  
invisible intelligence with such legendary scope.



[ Before I get too "googoo-gaga" over the thought of "being loved" by a beautiful Black woman, I will transcribe a very powerful passage recited by the character, Robinson, who is Ferdinand's life-long associate, and fellow traveler toward the end of the book.

If I had returned it tonight, I would not be ~~be~~ transcribing it thus.

Where to begin? Robinson's reaction to Madelon's insults:

"I've plenty of courage and I daresay quite as much as you have! Only - if you really want to know the whole of it... why, it's every damn thing that repels, and disgusts me now. Not only you! Everything! ... Long especially on your love along with everyone else's... all of this sentimental monkey-business you're so fond of - if you want me to tell you how that stings me? It seems to me like making love in a lavatory. Now do you understand? ... And all this sentiment you pour out to keep me glued to you affects me like an insult, if you'd like to know... And on top of



that, "you don't even suspect, as much, because  
it's you who're such a numbskull  
because you don't realize things at all  
... And you don't even guess that  
you make one sick... It's enough  
for you just to repeat all the general  
people talk... You think that's  
quite alright... That's quite enough,  
you think, because other people  
have told you there's nothing greater  
than love, and that it would always  
work with everyone and that it lasts  
forever... Well, as far as I'm concerned,  
you know what they can do with  
their love... D'you hear me?  
It doesn't catch on with me, my good  
girl, that stinking love, of theirs!  
You're out of luck! You're too  
late! It no longer works with  
me, that's all! — — —  
You need to be as thick-skulled as you  
are, all of you, not to be sickened  
by it... "]

§ 3

And so, "Mike" → Wild Seed ← "He not rich"  
really gets into OBSCURE literature and is  
prone to have "nigger fits". Shalonda  
really gets into movies and TV and is also  
has a tendency to "go off the deep end" at times.



117  
a book I may want to check out eventually  
at the APPL is Madness in Literature by  
Lillian Feder. She examines the work of  
writers for whom madness is a vehicle of  
self-revelation. Defining madness as a state in  
which unconscious processes dominate over  
conscious ones, she contends that literary depictions  
of extreme forms of mental and psychic  
experience are explorations of the  
mind's response to external reality.

Madness designates a long-repressed sense  
of injustice and is therefore a  
legitimate motive for confrontation.

"Madness as a goal"?





15  
33  
The commonplace folk and things which I see every day have mystery and charm... and belong to the magic world [of books] as much as knights and pilgrims.

"Of all cursed places, under the sun, where the hungriest soul can hardly pick up a few grains of knowledge, a girl's boarding school is the worst... They finish everything but imbecility and weakness, and that they cultivate. They are purely adapted machines for experimenting on the question, 'Into how little space a human soul can be crushed?'"

Rebecca Harding Davis did not find satisfactory companionship. For all her classmates' shocked delight at her irreverent wit, Rebecca's very seriousness of purpose and "hunger to know" set her apart.



to go

Abyss



Our only "job" is to rid ourselves of all the lies, timidity, and unworthy eagerness to obey which has rapped our minds since our births. Our "task" is to peel off the layers of lies with which our societies mask the truth.

Two groups: 1. Mad, Bad, and Dangerous to Know  
2. The Silent Runners

§ §

While I was wandering around I ran across "Harry" (elderly street soldier of Asbury Park who the knuckle dragging pigs call "Poppy") at the train station. He called out my name and was genuinely pleased to see me, asking me to sit down on the bench behind the damn god-forsaken police head quarters (of all places). Well, it's right behind the train depot...

We were conversating rather loudly when we were approached by 3 pigs. They made him throw his container away, and told me to vacate the premises, to go home. I walked away slowly, lighting a smoke, allowing Old Chip\* to catch up to me. We walked across Main Street and sat right to →

\* Harry has one brown eye and one blue eye like Chip from Ira Levin's radical novel This Perfect Day.  
→ Rose's liquor store discussing Obama's decision to allow off coast DRILLING & FOR OIL.



There may be drilling 10 miles from Cape May!  
That's in South Jersey. Harry said it will  
cause earthquakes. I agreed, saying that  
these idiots have no idea what they  
are messing with, that they are messing  
with the arteries of the earth!

Then asshole pigman and one of his sidekick  
officers rolls up in an SUV pig vehicle, steps  
out and approaches me first, threatening to  
arrest me on the spot just for changing  
out. He demanded I go back to 7th  
Avenue and sit on my "porch"!

When I cleared out he began to harass  
Old Chip (Harry), accusing him of having an  
open container. I was cursing the  
police when far enough away where I couldn't  
be heard - something right out  
of my own Confederacy of Dunces.

It looks as though the "authorities" don't want  
Harry and Mikey to "converse" in public since  
both of us are so controversially intelligent.  
Our discussions have a passion and intensity  
that simply becomes a "spectacle".  
I have the feeling that this won't be the last  
encounter Harry and I have. How do we  
meet to share a few beers and discuss  
current events and what not? He ought to move  
back into the Del Monte. I could visit him there.




Earlier this afternoon I was enjoying the beautiful sunshine down by the ocean, pacing around, looking at my shadow, and even laying down on the rocks. All the while I was part of the scenery. A Black woman was observing me from the boardwalk. As I headed up to the boardwalk, I was "talking to myself," but really speaking to anyone who might hear. I said, "Wealth is what you enjoy, not what you own. Nobody owns anything."

I was feeling very empowered by the sea eagles, the sunshine, the ocean... There was ~~was~~ a family passing me, the male in yamacka pushing a carriage. I was being silly. As I kicked a plaster cup across the boardwalk I yelled, "Kick the baby!" (reference to South Park - a cartoon)\*

The Black woman who must have been observing me "in my own little world on the rocks" smiled deeply at me, telling me <sup>may</sup> God's Bless me - I told her, "She already has blessed me."

As I walked away I was saying, "Queen Isis, Wakan Tanka, The Great & Mysterious." And so it goes. The spirit-power was strong in me today. My ~~new~~ "Native Vest" is truly my GHOST SHIRT.

\* How about that Eric Cartman? I guess Joey's not permitted to laugh at that anymore, huh? 





Shall I record the latest SYMMONS from the local  
page? Is there a law against calling  
"officers" pigs in my private memoirs?  
Not that I know of.

"... purposely cause or recklessly create the risk of  
public inconvenience, annoyance, or alarm, by  
engaging in (violent) (tumultuous) behavior  
(specifically by\*) flailing arms, yelling  
obscenities, threatening acts of violence  
causing general alarm for a warm midday  
within a public park."

2C: 33-2A (1)

"... purposely obstruct, impair, or pervert the  
administration of law or a governmental  
function by means of an independently  
unlawful act (specifically by\*)  
refused to comply with officers commands  
kept pulling hands away from officer  
attempted to walk away from a  
lawful Terry stop."

2C: 29-2A (1)

"... did knowingly and purposely prevent a  
fully informed officer from making a  
lawful arrest, specifically I put his  
arms away during the handcuff process, as  
well as pushing the officer away."

2C: 29-1A 2

1:30 PM

4/26

Monday